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THE SECRET
HISTORY
OF THE
MOST RENOWN'D
Q, Elizabeth,
AND THE
E. of Essex.

By a Person of Quality.

COLOGNE:

Printed for *Will with the Wisp*, at
the Sign of the *Moon in the*
Ecliptick.



(I)



THE
Earl of *ESS* *SEX*:
OR, THE
A M O U R S
O F
Queen *ELIZABETH*.

The First Part.

THE Peop'e had seen *Essex*
in Extraordinary Favour
with the Queen; and
were therefore the more Sur-
priz'd at his Fall. She had raised
him to the highest Dignities of her
A 3 King-

Kingdom; and he continued then General of her Army in *Ireland*, against the Earl of *Tyrone*, who had raised a Rebellion there. His endeavours to divert this Misfortune were vain; and after an obstinate Resistance, he was brought up to *London*, and confin'd to his House.

The Services he had done t^e State by his Valour, were very considerable; but the Favours the Queen's peculiar Goodness had heaped on him, proceeded from a far more secret Cause, and more pressing Motives. Had the Earl of *Essex* never signaliz'd himself by the Glory of his Actions, the Kindness she had for him, would have made her distinguish him from the rest of her Subjects; and 'tis certain her Affection had made him her Favourite, before he could pretend to it in the least by his Services. She was highly renown'd above the Women of her time, for Courage and Strength of Mind; yet too weak

weak to be Proof against the Impressions of Love. She had a passionate Tenderness for the unfortunate Criminal, which was his Advocate, and defended him from the Severity of Justice ; and was so far from taking pleasure of publick Revenge of him, that She abhorred in her Heart those cruel Maxims that cross'd her Inclinations.

She kept her Bed to prevent the least publick Discovery of a Trouble it was not in her Power to conceal ; and admitting of no Company but the Countess of *Nottingham* (her intimate Confident) She gave vent to her Tears, and freely lamented the Misfortune that threatened the Repose of her Life.

The Countess had a little suspected the Queen's Inclination ; and thought herself oblig'd by powerful Reasons to end out the Mystery. But this being a tender Point, and having to deal with a *Princess* naturally of a very high *Spirit*, the Coun-

ress was silent. But the Queen's Grief was too violent to continue long Mute ; her Sighs confirm'd the Suspensions of the Countess, and her Repeating in her Trouble, the Earl of Essex's Name, convinc'd the Countess of the Truth of what till then she had but slightly fancied.

The Countess had that Command of herself, she easily conceal'd her Concern in the Adventure ; and appearing only sensible of the Trouble of the Queen, she us'd all the Art she had, to comfort Her ; and fail'd not to put her in Mind, how serviceable on that Occasion. Her Verue might be to her, which had already made her the Wonder of the World.

Ah, Madam ! (says the Queen, interrupting her) You do not yet know me. The Force I have long put upon myself, hath made you think, with the rest of the World, that the Height of my Spirit hath Raised
Me

Me above the Infirmities of Nature ; and the Greatness of my Thoughts secur'd me from the Troubles of Life ; but alas ! poor Elizabeth is a Slave to her Weakness ; and, bath all this while but sacrificed to Reputation all the Quiet of her Soul, and Happiness of her Days !

'Tis high Time, Madam, to Reveal the Mystery !

My Heart, Madam, is sensible and susceptible of the deepest Impressions, and what I have in Appearance condemn'd most, is perhaps, the only thing that has most power over me.

The Earl of Essex is not less Famous for the Victory gain'd over my Heart, than for his Treasons against me : And I who have always maintained the Freedom of my Soul, and preserv'd the Liberty of my Affection from submitting to the Efforts of all the Noted Princes of Europe, and the greatest of my Subjects, have now the Misfortune to find my Inclinations violently sway'd in Favour of a

Person, as ungrateful as faithless. You know what I have done to raise him ; nor can you be ignorant how ill he hath requited me by his Crimes. A Man, who being Governor of Ireland, General of my Army, in quiet Possession of the Best Offices of my Kingdom, and Master of my Affection, yet could not forbear conspiring against that Authority I was but too much inclin'd to give him a Share of ; and, perhaps, against a Life I took no other Pleasure in, but the Opportunities I had by it to make his Happ—

It was not in the Queen's Power to say one Word more. And the Countess more than ordinarily concern'd at the Discourse, became so much the more curious ; and pretending to comfort the Queen, engag'd her very dexterously to a further Discovery.

No, Madam, (replies the Queen) there's no Hopes of Comfort for me, if the E. of Essex die ; By the Condition

dition you see his Imprisonment hath put me in, you may guess what I am like to be reduc'd to by his Death. His Crimes I abhor, but am in Love with his Person, and find that as I have been so weak to let him know it, I shall again be so weak to pardon him. You do not know his Carriage towards me; and perhaps my Affection will as easily find excuses for his Ingratitude, as it did for my Kindness. I will give you the Relation of it, but conjure you to Reproach me so plainly with the Shame I expose my self to, that I may at last prevail with myself to abandon the ingratifullest of Men, to the Rigour of his Fate.

I Shall not give you an Account of the Interest of England, other than what the Earl of Essex stands concern'd in. I will pass by the Obstacles rais'd against my Establishment; and tell you only, I quickly gain'd Possession of the Throne, was ador'd by my People, and

and happy beyond the Hopes of a Person of my Sex. But Elevation is not always attended with the Pleasure of Life; and that smooth Gale of Felicity and Repose in the beginning of my Reign, quickly blew over, at least, in my Opinion.

Being settled in my Government, I found my Court throng'd with Suitors of Sovereign *Grandeur*, striving to merit the *Choice* it was in my Power [at once] to make of a *Husband* and a *King*. The Earls of *Somerset*, *Leicester*, *Arundel*, and *Hertford*, had the most Right to pretend to it. But finding myself disturb'd by their Importunities in my most serious Affairs, and not at all inclin'd to entertain their Suits. I formerly declar'd to them, I design'd to live single, and endeavour'd to make them amends, by considerable Employments, and Alliances I bestow'd on them: Three of them openly quitted the Hopes they had conceived: Only
the

the Earl of *Leicester*, more Ambitious, or more Constant than the rest, kept a-foot his Pretensions, and publicly continued his Services: But it was not ordain'd his Perseverance should be crown'd with the Reward of my Affection.

The Earl of *Essex* having signaliz'd himself against the rebellious Earls of *Northumberland* and *Westmoreland*, made about this time, his first Appearance at Court, and so found with more Ease, the Secret to please me.

Those who presented him to me, spoke much in Commendation of him. And I was too much an Eye-Witness of the Merit of his Person. I look'd upon him as an extraordinary Man: Nor could I but think it equally extraordinary to find myself so strangely affected with him at the first Sight. The Reception I gave him was very obliging, and the *Acknowledgments* he made me, were full of Respect: So that for
the

the Time, I saw no cause to check my Inclination.

I may date from this first View, the loss of my Repose. I presently fell into a Disquiet I had till then been altogether a *Stranger* to. And in spite of my high Spirit, I could not but inwardly acknowledge the *Cause*. And all the Efforts of my haughty Humour against it, serv'd only to make the Triumph of the Earl of *Essex* the more Glorious.

You should better comprehend the Condition I was in, did you know the Resentments of a Great Soul, jealous of its Reputation, in Extremities of this Nature; the Combat it undergoes, and the *Confusion* that attends the Defence.

I fear'd my Eyes would discover the Pleasure I took in looking on the Earl of *Essex*, and my Weakness occasion Discourses in the World, to the Prejudice of my Glory. I shun'd the Sight of him, but to little Purpose, when I carry'd

ry'd the Idea of him in my Heart. I was angry with myself for it, and summon'd my Reason to my Assistance to declare it: But *Love* had so violently seiz'd my Heart, that I struggled in vain to dispossess *him*.

By little and little I yielded myself Captive to that powerful Inclination which had at first Sight made me so much in love with the Person of the Earl of *Essex*: And, pretending the Services he had done me against the Earls of *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*, and the memory I had of the good Services of his Father, as the Ground of my Favour, I made him *Knight of the Garter*, *Master of the Horse*, and of the *Privy Council*, tho' under Age.

Thus did I cherish and indulge the Weakness I had so long struggled with, and condemned myself for. The higher he grew in Office, the nearer he was to my Person: His Complaisance, his Respect

Respect, his Looks, which to me appear'd all kind and languishing, and especially my Affection, which had Tenderness enough to give a favourable Construction to the least of his Actions, conspir'd to betray me.

Envy rais'd him Enemies: The Earl of *Leicester*, concern'd to be jealous of him, quickly suspected the Truth. And looking on the Earl of *Essex* as a Person of Merit capable to cross his Pretensions, he made it his Business to supplant him; which I presently observed. I easily foresaw the Trouble my Favour might cause between Persons so considerable: And the better to countenance the Kindness I had for *Essex*, I affected a little Complaisance for *Leicester*, which somewhat abated the Edge of his Jealousy.

About that Time the King of *Sweden*, the Emperor for his Son, and the Duke of *Anjou*, made me
their

their several Proposals of Marriage which I was forced to receive, but wanted not Pretences to send home their Ambassadors, without any Fruit of their Negotiation.

How contrary to the real *Motive* of my Actions were the Interpretations Men made of my Refusal of Marriage with these Princes ! It redounded much to my Honour, my Glory was increas'd by it, and the World admir'd my Contempt of Love, even then when my Soul was wholly possess'd by it.

The Aversion I express'd for Foreign Alliances, rais'd the Hopes of the *Earl of Leicester* ; and *Essex* seem'd overjoy'd at it ; Not, said he, as I heard afterwards, *but that the Qu. is Discreet in all her Actions ; and her Choice had she made one, had been decent and just ; but that I think her so fit to reign alone, that I could not without extream Trouble, see her share her Authority with a Husband who perhaps would in time be her Master.*

The

The Construction I made of the E. of *Essex's* Zeal, was suitable to my Affection, and the Desire I had of gaining his Heart, which I desir'd so passionately, that I fancied it done, and that the pretended Severity that made me slight Kings, was the only Thing that frightned his Respect, and that he had declared his Love to me, could he have thought he durst presume to do it.

The Duke *Alanfon* (not discourag'd by my refusal of his Brother) began soon after to make Addresses for himself; and it was not in my Power to deny my Consent for his Voyage to *London*: But what Advantages soever he pleased in his Favour, certain it is, the Earl of *Essex* lost not any he had gain'd over me. The stay of that Prince in *England*, fortified the Earl's Interest. He was constantly at my Elbow. When the Duke *Alanfon* spoke to me, methoughts I read Reproaches against my self,
in

in the Earl of *Essex's* eyes. The Earl of *Leicester* watched me as carefully, tho' not with equal Regard from me. I raised so many Difficulties against the Duke of *Alanson's* Design, that he was forc'd to desist; and I rid my Hands of his Person and Suit, without giving him Cause of Complaint.

You know, that after the Death of the Queen of *Scots*, the King of *Spain*, who still makes himself indispensibly subject to a necessity of opposing me, entred into a League with the *Pope* against me. And having fill'd the *World* with injurious Declarations against my Right to the Crown, they joined all their Forces to put it off my Head. The *Spaniards* made themselves on the sudden Masters of *Daventer*. The Duke of *Parma* laid Siege to *Sluys*. I was high time to provide for Defence; and the Earl of *Leicester* was sent away with all the Nobility of the Kingdom, in the Head of a
nume-

numerous Army. The Earl of *Essex* was one of the First to follow him ; and as strongly inclin'd as I was to stay him, yet I thought the Man I lov'd ought not to be idle, when he had Opportunity, by Glorious Actions, to merit the Kindness I had for him.

I will not spend Time in giving you the Relation of a War, which *perhaps* you are *sufficiently* inform'd of, and concerns not the Secrets of my Life. It tended to our Advantage ; all (to the very Winds) having favour'd our Side. When the Generals of the Army arriv'd at *London*, I was carry'd in Triumph to *St. Pauls* : Yet the Joy I had to see the Earl of *Essex*, was greater than that for the signal Victory obtain'd. Amongst an infinite Number of Persons of several Ranks, my Eyes were fix'd only on him : And much ado I had, sometimes, out of Policy, to cast a Look on the Earl of *Leicester*. Both of them
had

had done very great Actions : I commended them publickly ; and particularly joy'd the Earl of *Effex* for the Success of his Valour and Conduct ; who spoke so much in Praise of the Valour and Conduct of the Earl of *Leicester*, that he was forc'd in Requital, to do him Right, in giving him openly the Elogies he deserv'd.

Not long after this Expedition, the Earl of *Effex* fell into a very deep Melancholly : I was the first that perceived it ; and took it for an Effect of some secret Passion. I wisht now and then he would once take the Boldness to declare himself, but presently my Reason, upon *Second Thoughts*, set before my *Eyes* the *Confusion* would certainly follow an Explication of that nature, to the Ruin of my Reputation, and that high Esteem the World had for me ; yet (to speak Truth) I could not resolve what to do or to wish : I am in love, I desired
to

to be loved again ; and that was all I could make of it.

The E of *Essex* in the mean time continued sad ; I was troubled to see him so ; and fancying myself the Cause, I was desirous to know it ; and resolved to fetch it out of him.

He had full Liberty of Access to me, and I enlarg'd it daily ; but not to expose my Reputation, in forcing him to declare himself, I pretended an Inclination to favour the Earl of *Leicester* ; who, since his late Victories, had entertain'd new Hopes.

One Day, as the Earl of *Essex* came to thank me for the Government of *Ireland* I had bestowed on him, I was loth to lose the Opportunity ; and interrupting what he would have said in Acknowledgment, You need not enlarge yourself, (said I) on a Thing I am fully assur'd of. I take Pleasure in raising your Fortune, and wish I could as easily

easily remove your Melancholly, as I
 am pleas'd to give a new Proof of
 the Sence I have of your Service. You
 may, in your Turn, oblige me, (ad-
 ded I) who am fallen into a trouble-
 some Conjunction, and find it very
 difficult to reduce my Affections in-
 to a Compliance with the Nec'ssity of
 the State; this presses me hard to
 provide England a King; this Choice
 is difficult, and I have not a Mind
 to make it among Foreigners: You
 are discreet, and I have Reason
 to believe, not the least loving of
 my Subjects. I will take your Ad-
 vice; speak your Mind freely, What
 Man in England you think best de-
 serves this Fortune?

I look'd on him with that Kind-
 ness, as would have inspir'd the
 most Fearful with Boldness: I ob-
 serv'd in his Eyes extraordinary E-
 motions, and all the Symptoms of
 a Secret ready to break out. The
 Point appear'd tender, and my
 Imagination flatter'd me, all would
 be

be as I wish'd. Your Majesty's Resolution, cry'd he, will render a Man more glorious by the Quality of your Husband, than of the greatest Monarch on Earth. Remember, said I, I expect not a Panegyrick, but Advice from you. And that your Business at present is to nominate the Man I am to make King; not to commend his good Fortune in being so. The Business is so nice, Madam, replies he, I dare not speak my Mind, tho' your Majesty order it. Did you know, said I, what moves me to this Confidence in you, you would, perhaps, express yourself with a great deal more Freedom; but because to bring you to it, I must proceed further, Tell me, whether you think the Earl of Leicester deserves to be your Prince? The Earl of Leicester, (answers he) is well Born, and a Person of great Merit, and will answer the Honour your Majesty intends him. Is that all you have to say to me, said I? Ah, Madam, answers he

he, with a Sigh, which made me expect something more pleasing, I should have more to say to you for my self than the Earl of *Leicester*. What hinders you? said I. The Respect I have for your Majesty, answer'd he, I am in Love, Madam, but it is not a Thing fitten to make my Queen my Confident. I blush'd at those Words, and was in a Mind not to proceed further. But I look'd upon him, and there needed no more to declare my Weakness: I have that Esteem for you, added I, that I am not unwilling to be of your Council. Well, Madam, since you will have it so, continues he, I must acquaint you I am desperately in Love with the Countess of *Rutland*; and that I cannot live if your Majesty consent not that he shall make me happy.

You may easily guess what an Astonishment I was in at this explication, having upon so good grounds expected to have heard my self

B named;

named ; it is well for me I had not altogether lost the Haughtiness of my Nature ; the poor Remains of it were my only Helps to preserve me from discovering more Weakness to the Earl than he had discover'd Love for his Mistress. His Transports helpt me to cover mine. He perceiv'd not the Blow he had given me , and sacrificing my *Grief* to my *Glory*, I affected to appear calm and unconcern'd, when my Soul was full of Trouble and Confusion. You have made a very good Choice, said I, and the Countess of *Rutland* will well deserve the kindness you profess for her. Madam, replies he, with Satisfaction in his looks, *which* heighten'd my *grief*, you have done more for me, in approving the passion I have for the Countess of *Rutland*, than you could have done had you procur'd me the Empire of the Universe. It is your Desire then, added I, with a Sigh my Despair forc'd from me, that I should give her

to you? I desire any thing, says he, that may preserve me from Dying for Love of her. Go your way, then, said I, to be rid of him, and ease my self of the intolerable Constraint I was under, be assur'd I will concern my self in your Amour. You shall know it in time. But take heed you give not the Earl of *Leicester* the least Intimation of the Secret I have imparted to you. Not before I have Orders from your Majesty, answer'd he, to congratulate his Happiness, and pay him the Devoirs of an affectionate Subject.

Had you seen with what an *Ayre* he pronounc'd these Words, you would have abhorr'd him for his Ingratitude. As for me, I was left in so desperate a *Condition*, it was long e'er I could recover my Reason out of the *Entanglements* of Love, Anger, and Jealousie.

I was partly the Author of my Misfortune, by calling to Court the Countess of *Rutland*, after her Hus-

band's Death, without considering she was one of the handsomest Ladies on Earth ; and but sixteen Years old. I have not observ'd any particular *Kindness* the E. of *Essex* had for her : He visited her as other Ladies of the Court. But their Intrigue was mysterious ; and the more securely it was carry'd, the Engagement was the stronger, and the Affection more tender.

It is impossible to express the Trouble I was in, when *Anger* seized the Place *Grief* had possess'd in my Heart. Tho' the Earl of *Essex* had been ignorant of his good Fortune, I could not forbear reproaching him for slighting it as he did, and forgot not to charge him with Treachery and Ingratitude. But when I *consider'd* he was so far from apprehending my Meaning, that he was gone directly to make a solemn Tender of his Love to another, and carry *her* the joyful News of his Success with me ; I resolv

ed at least to delay the Pleasure of it for a time, and went out of my Closet into my Chamber, to call him back. I thought I heard the Earl of *Leicester's* Voice and his in the Anti-Chamber ; and going to the Door, found I was not mistaken. *Leicester's* Jealousie had, in all probability, made him watch *Essex* as he enter'd my Chamber ; and when he saw him return with Satisfaction in his Looks : You are happy, says he, in a Privilege, to entertain the Queen as long as you please ; when others who as passionately desire it, can't obtain that Happiness for a Moment. I'm perswaded replies *Essex*, you better deserve it ; and make no doubt but you will find more Pleasure in it. I'll leave you at liberty to go in search of it ; and you may do me a Favour not to stay me, being call'd another way, on a very pressing Occasion. He had no sooner said so, but he went his way ; and I was so confounded with this new

Sight, I scarce knew where I stood. Having at last recover'd my Reason, I had the Discretion to hide my *Weakness*. Presently my Anger would have vented it self on the Countess of *Rutland*: But I consider'd her only Crime was her Beauty; and that she knew not my Concern for her Servant.

The Earl of *Leicester* having at his entrance perceiv'd me in Disorder, durst not take Notice of it, but after a short Visit withdrew.

A little before, I had sent to congratulate the King of *Navarre*, upon his coming to the Crown of *France*; and having Intelligence he wanted Aid to secure his Government, I resolv'd to send him some under the *Conduct* of the E. of *Essex*, in hopes his Absence might cure me. I would have perswaded my self, the Cause of my removing him on *That* Occasion, was my Desire to forget him; but upon se-

cond Thoughts, I must confess, it was rather the Desire of removing him out of the Sight of a beloved Rival.

Being resolv'd on the Point, I hasten'd the Execution, and having order'd the Earl of Essex to attend me ; You love Honour, said I to him, and I cannot think you will prefer the Pleasure of fighting before a Mistress, to the Opportunities of acquiring Glory : I have provided One for you ; and am resolved you shall command the Troops I am sending to the French King. To fortifie therefore yourself against the Troubles of Absence, you need only think of the Pleasure of a Return. His Answer was only Sighs, and that passionate Language made me hasten his Departure.

Soon after the Countess of Rutland (whom, I could not forbear using very mildly) desir'd leave to go into the Country a considerable distance from London. I had

then so little love for her, I did not desire to have her near me, but readily consented she should retire.

The hopes she had to see the Earl of Essex return, supported her so, that she, with much Moderation, saw him take his leave: But I am assur'd by experience, the Grief for his Departure, equall'd at least, the Hopes for his Return.

When he was arriv'd in *France*, Fame spoke aloud in Commendation of him; his Absence alter'd not my Affection; and in spite of all I could do to the contrary, I had a sensible Pleasure to hear him commended.

Had I been desir'd, I should have call'd him home as soon as *France* was in Peace: But I sent him new Orders to join Admiral *Howard*, who was going for *Spain*; and I gave him the like Commission for this Expedition, as for that of *France*.

He did Wonders in *Spain*, and his single Valour frightened the enemies.

And

And having taken *Cales*, and pillag'd the Coast of *Portugal*, he put again to Sea for England. The Fleet was scatter'd by a Storm, and we had News the Earl of *Essex* was lost. Then it was I knew better than ever, the Kindness I had for him: I could no longer persuade myself that his Indifference for me deserv'd mine for him.

I accus'd the Sea a Thousand times, for having taken too unreasonable a *Revenge* of me, and was under Sufferings more cruel than Death, till News was brought me, that by the Assistance of the Admiral of *Holland*, he was arriv'd at *Plymouth*, from whence, in a few Days, he came to Court.

To shew you how little Reason we have, when we are in Love, and how fickle are the Resolutions of a tender Heart, tho' provok'd by Sights and Contempts: I had lamented the *Death* of the Earl of *Essex*, and receiv'd the News

of his being alive with a **T**housand *Transports of Joy*. I was extreamly pleas'd with the Report of his Arrival at *London*. But when I consider'd I should see him *full of Love* for another, and that, perhaps, I should not be able to conceal my Jealousy, I was tempted to order him to give the *Council an Account* of his *Conduct*, and not admit him into my Presence. I was sometimes of the Opinion, I should be able to do so ; but this *weak Heart of mine*, so prepossess'd in Favour of him, revolted against all my Resolutions ; I must follow my Inclinations, and see the most dangerous Enemy of my Repose, the Troubler of my Rest. He came to *White-Hall* ; I admitted him to my Presence ; I look'd upon him, and in *spite of all my high Spirit*, he saw nothing but Kindness in all my Actions.

You may soon imagine what an agreeable Surprize it was to me, to find, at our first Conference,
that

that Absence had *mean'd* his Affections from the Countess of Rutland. He appear'd no longer in that *languishing Melancholly* I observ'd him in before his Departure. He had Satisfaction in his Looks. The Air of his Actions were smooth and calm. And I fancy'd as much Joy in his Face, tho' the Countess of Rutland was absent, as I felt in my self, at the Explication he made. *I see you again return'd with Victory,* (said I) *but am sorry it is not in my Power to reward your Toil with the Sight of the Countess of Rutland. But if any thing I can do, can comfort you.— I am easily comforted for her Absence, when I am permitted to see your Majesty,* answer'd he. *I have no Passion now but for the Glory of serving your Majesty; and the Countess of Rutland is now to me no more than other Ladies of the Court. Are you no longer in Love with the Countess of Rutland?* (reply'd I) *between*
Joy

Joy and Distrust. *You have spoken it too fast. When you see her again — When I see her again,* says he, interrupting me, *it shall be without those Transports I exprest for her, not forgetting the Respect due to your Majesty.* What, answer'd I, *are you not afraid of the reproaches of a provok'd Mistress ?* No, Madam, said he, in a free and unconcern'd Manner ; *all I am concern'd for is to do my Duty, and approve my self worthy your Majesty's Favour. This,* answer'd I, *deserves my Acknowledgment ; and Time shall let you see I am not ungrateful.*

Thus did the Earl of Essex assure me he was cur'd of his first Passion ; and I was in Hopes, it might be in my Power to see him one Day entertain another. A Week after, he desir'd Leave to go into the Country, about his private Affairs : He was absent a Fortnight ; and returned
more

more calm and unconcern'd than ever.

The Earl of *Leicester* had doubled his Importunities in the Absence of the Earl of *Essex* in *France* and *Spain* ; and oblig'd me at last, to put him out of Hopes. He is naturally bold, and was so blown up with the Opinion of the Glory he had gain'd by some late Atchievements, that he proceeded to telling me plainly, *He was jealous of the Earl of Essex* ; and would have made a Crime of the Discourse I told you of, past between them, as *Essex* left my Chamber. The Answer I made him, was an absolute Command, *He should be silent* ; which was so far obey'd, that after some Days murmuring, he held his Peace. Yet this put me in mind to observe some Measures, and not to follow openly my Inclinations.

Things continued in this State, till the Troubles of *Ireland*. I had often open'd my Mouth to
let.

let the Earl of *Essex* know the Advantage he had over me ; but Modesty shut it again ; yet seeing him under a Necessity for going for *Ireland*, when the Earl of *Tyrone* had rais'd a general Rebellion, I had not the Power to let him take his leave without acquainting Him, *The Kingdom was at his Command*. Upon the first News of the Troubles, he threw himself at my Feet, begging the Honour of my Command, to go and quiet those Disorders. — *You have done enough*, said I, *and there's no need you should by exposing your self to new Dangers, oblige me to new Acknowledgments*. I doubt not, *Madam*, answer'd he, *but the Favour I beg of your Majesty, will be envy'd me ; but I take the Boldness to say, Your Majesty cannot refuse it me, without doing your self Injury : It being an occasion may contribute to my meriting the Favour you have already honour'd me with.* — — *The Ardor you express for undertaking*
Great

Great Actions, (replied I) is not perhaps so pleasing as you imagine ; and all the good that may redound to *England* thro' your Valour, is less considerable than the Trouble is given me, who takes less Care of my Crown than your Life. I am Ambitious : Yet—Ah ! my Lord, save me the Confusion of a more particular Explication of what you ought, and might easily have long since understood. *I might, perhaps, presume too far in my Wishes,* says the Earl, in some Disorder. Wish boldly, *cry'd I,* I love you ; and if I Blush to tell you so, 'tis not that I am either ashamed, or repent of it. You may believe this Acknowledgment a very hard Task for a Person of my Humour, who have seen you sigh for another, when I slighted Kings for your sake, and would have sacrificed more to your Satisfaction. *What, Madam !* (cry'd he, like a Man astonish'd) *Have you lov'd me, and I been so*
Unfor-

Unfortunate to make my self unworthy your Kindness by those Sighs I now disavow? Did my Eyes never tell you what I look'd for in yours? said I. I never had the Boldness, answer'd he, to make any such Constructions of your Looks. Your Fear was the effect of Indifference, said I, but no more of what is past. Tell me now, can ye love me? Rather ask me, Madam, answers he, if all the Affections of my Soul can merit your Love, and whether the Earl of *Leicester*, whom you design to make the happiest Man on Earth, shall not carry the Day from me. The Earl of *Leicester*, said I, was but a Pretence to make you speak. I told you then truly the Thoughts I had of you; my Trouble for you was not small, both in your Absence, and since your Return; but all is forgotten. Be henceforth as I wish, and doubt not of being Happy.

He

He answer'd me with some Disorder, which I fancied the Effect of unexpected Joy, I thought it time to be no longer scrupulous ; and that it was in vain to have any Reserve when I had said so much. I must not let you go under any Uncertainty, proceeded I, but to convince you clearly of the Truth of what I have said, take this, said I, delivering him a *Ring*, as the highest Mark of my Favour, keep it as a Pledge of my Kindness ; which I conjure you to preserve in the State it is in, and on that Condition, I promise you, never to deny you any thing you shall desire of me, when you shew me this *Ring*, tho' it cost me my Life and Fortune.

His Joy and Acknowledgments at receiving the *Ring*, were in Appearance, extraordinary and unparallel'd ; and attended with Promises of as high a Nature.

He went for *Ireland* in few Days, leaving me fully perswaded his Thoughts

Thoughts werewholly taken up with me. But he had scarce advanc'd up to the Rebels, but he was Charg'd with all the Crimes which occasion'd his Imprisonment, and that of the Earl of *Southampton*. Then it was I began to repent I had not given Ear to the wholesome Advice *Cecil* would have given me, concerning the secret Conduct of the Earl of *Essex*.

In a Word, while my Thoughts were wholly imploy'd to make his Fortune glorious, he was Plotting with the Earl of *Tyrone*, to surprize and make me Prisoner in this Palace.

You know the rest, *Madam*, his obstinate Resistance, his want of Respect for my Orders, his imprisoning my Ministers, his murdering my Soldiers, and his intollerable Pride in all his Misfortunes.

Thus ended the Queen's Discourse, which having call'd fresh to her Mind all that had pass'd between
Her

Her and *Essex*, she was more troubled than ever.

The Countess of *Nottingham* had heard her with Attention suitable to her great Concern in the Discourse. She, as well as the Queen, had been in Love with the Earl, and advanc'd many Steps, but in vain, to raise a Passion in him. And having newly understood the Cause of his slighting her, it added infinitely to her former Resentments.

She had no Mind to condemn the Queen's Weakness, knowing herself guilty of the like; nor was she inclin'd to speak in Favour of a Man who was grown so much the more Odious to her, as she had formerly passionately lov'd him. She thought it sufficient to comfort the Queen with Discourses seeming to arise only from Zeal for her Service, when, in Truth, her Thoughts were wholly bent for the Ruin of an ingrateful Lover, who, in her Judgment,

ment, deserv'd nothing but Hatred at her Hands.

Tho' Love thought not fit the Earl of *Essex* should admire the Countess of *Nottingham*; yet another was her Captive, whose Character did, in a manner, make her amends, it was Secretary *Cecil*, who, amidst his great Offices, and the Gravity that became them, discover'd in the Beauty, Ingenuity, and high Spirit of the Countess of *Nottingham*, some Charms, that made him capable of a strong Passion for her; which was heightned by the Hatred both of them had profess'd against the Earl of *Essex*, *Cecil* having always look'd on him as the invincible Obstacle of his ambitious Pretensions and the Countess had against him all the Rage and Aversion that usually succeed Kindness abus'd.

They were glad of the Imprisonment of the Earl of *Essex*, but the favourable Inclinations the Queen express'd for him, alarm'd them.

The

The Countess had no sooner taken leave of the Queen, but she gave *Cecil* an Account of all she had learnt. Having consider'd the Consequences, they concluded it necessary, while their Princess sigh'd secretly for the Prisoner, means should be found by private Ways, and in artful Conduct without their appearing to have any such Design, to take away the Mercy which Love might inspire into her.

Cecil, for the first Step, press'd the Queen to bring *Essex* to his Trial ; and caus'd certain News of his Death to be spread throughout England.

Essex, in the mean time, was buried with Thoughts of more Weight than those of his Life. He knew well enough the Queen lov'd him, and knew as well he had deceiv'd her ; and that she might, with a great deal of Justice, not only reproach, but condemn him.

The Queen had not seen him since his going into *Ireland*, but having not the Power to give him up to his ill Fortune, without having heard him, She resolv'd to go to his House, where he was Prisoner, to reproach him as he deserv'd, and endeavour, if possible to find him innocent.

'Tis not far from *White-hall* to *Essex-house* ; and the Queen took so good Order in the Matter, that no Notice was taken of the Undecency of the Visit. Having been introduced by her Confidants alone into the Chamber of the Criminal, He was surpriz'd at the Presence of the Queen ; the languishing Condition she was in, made her sigh, all went for him, and the Victory seem'd easy. He saluted her with a profound Respect ; and then fixing on her Face those Eyes of his, which so often charm'd her, he fetch'd some Tears from hers. Well, my Lord, (*says she, drying them*) you
see

see what I do for you, notwithstanding all the *Crimes* I can reproach you with, I am come with a *Design* to hear you, if you have any thing to say to justify your self. I have lov'd you too well, not to wish it above all things; and, would *Heaven* were pleas'd your *Justification* might be purchas'd with any the most precious *Thing* in my Power. My greatest *Crime* is, that I thought myself too *happy*, Madam, *replies the Earl, sighing*. Had you rested there, *said the Queen*, I should have been too well satisfy'd to complain of you, but to believe yourself *happy*, was it *necessary* you should *betray* me? And must you needs have made use of violent means, to make yourself *Master* of a *Fortune* I was willing to share with you? What *reason* had you to seek *Protection* of the *Kings* of *Scotland* and *Spain*? Did my *Interests* oblige you to *Correspondencies* with *Tyrone*? And was it for the *Safety* of my Person,

you design'd to make me your Slave,
 and his. All you have done since to
 my Subjects, against my Orders; Are
 those the Expressions of your Re-
 spect: Is it by Fury and Treason you
 shew your Zeal for me and the Pub-
 lick? Or is all we have seen and
 heard of you but Illusion and Fan-
 cy? Yes, Madam, replied the Earl,
 those Accusations of Treason and ill
 Designs, have run me upon the des-
 perate Resistance I made. You have
 been pleas'd to heap Favours upon
 Me, and I, too proud of what I so
 little deserv'd, flatter'd myself with
 the Expectation of a Thousand Plea-
 sures which you had not absolutely
 forbid me to hope for. This let loose
 the Envy and Jealousy of others a-
 gainst my good Fortune. They abus'd
 you Majesty with Misinformations;
 and I had the Misfortune to be assu-
 red, your Majesty had order'd I should
 be arrested; altho' my Innocence
 would have perswaded Me the con-
 trary. I confess, Madam, I was in a
 Rage

Rage, to see my Enemies insult over
 me ; being abandon'd by your Majesty,
 and on a point of suffering, perhaps,
 a shameful Death ; I thought it neither
 for my Reputation, nor your Majesty's
 Honour, I should die as a Criminal.
 This put me upon having recourse to
 those Succours and Assistance they re-
 proach me with, and the Resolution I
 took to go out of England, in hopes to
 confound my Accusers, but I found all
 the Passages stopt, and I must acknow-
 ledge in that desperate Condition, I
 vented my Fury by taking Revenge on
 your Ministers. They, Madam, and
 only they, were the Objects of the Re-
 bellion I am charg'd with. My design
 was, that only they, who had so indust-
 riously labour'd to make me appear guilty
 should do me right, in declaring my In-
 nocence, and permit me to lay it, and
 my Life, at your Majesty's Feet, I ne-
 ver doubted but your Majesty would
 have done me the Honour to hear me,
 and that by a clear discovery of the
 Truth. I should have certainly con-
 founded

founded the envy of my Enemies. But their Malice hath had the Success to see me a Prisoner, hated by my Sovereign, despis'd by the World, and made a Sacrifice to their Rage ; and now what remains but that I receive the Sentence of my Death pronounc'd by them, and ee Cobham, Cecil, Raleigh, and their Fellows, share the Favours you honour'd me with? You are well assur'd I hate you not, says the Queen interrupting him : But should I believe you? Yet should I not believe you? Can I give you up to the ill Fate that threatens you? I shall never murmur against your Majestys Orders, replies the Earl, but submit to them readily, whatever they be. But I confess it would make me mad, should my Enemies have the Advantage to condemn me.

The E. of Essex knew the weak Side of the Queen ; and easily reviv'd in her that Tenderneſſe he had formerly inspir'd her with. No, says she, (having paus'd a while) you shall not Die. Make use of your Advantages,
Triumph

Triumph over a Heart whose Inclinations you very well know. I will believe your Intentions less criminal than they appear, but, my Lord, I conjure you, by that Kindness, of which you have such particular Experience, that you give me no Cause to repent of it, trouble not your self for Reputation and Honour, I will take Care to repair it, and before two Days be over, I will restore you to the highest Place you ever had under me.

Essex, transported with Joy for the happy Success of this Conference, affected the Queen so much with submissive Acknowledgments, that he restor'd his Spirits to a perfect Tranquility. At parting, she promis'd to call a Council on the Morrow, and in a glorious Manner to declare him Innocent.

As soon as it was Day, she sent for Cecil, and the Countess of Nottingham waited on her. Having told them in few Words, of a great Conflict past between her Justice and her

Mercy, she concluded for the latter, and order'd *Cecil* to summon the *Council*, that she might declare to them the *Design* she had to set *Essex* at Liberty, assuring him she had invincible Reasons for doing so. This was a mortal Blow to the ambitious *Cecil*, and the Countess of *Nottingham*. They presently look'd on one another, as if they would have ask'd each others Advice what *Course* to be taken. Afterwards they spoke to the *Queen* in hopes to divert her, but she was inflexible, and *Cecil* was forc'd to order an extraordinary Call of the *Council*.

But while the Earl of *Essex's* Enemies thought his good Fortune on the Point of being reconcil'd to him, Chance labour'd for 'em with unexpected Success.

As the *Queen* was going to *Council*, Word was brought her, the Countess of *Rutland* desir'd to wait on her. The *Queen* blush'd, remembering what had pass'd, and looking

on the Request as unseasonable and unlucky, she thought to have put off the *Countess* to another time, but considering she us'd not to deny any Person Access, and that the *Countess* of *Rutland* was a Lady of the best Quality, she commanded she should be admitted, and the *Countess* immediately enter'd.

Tho' her eyes languish'd, her looks were sad, her Dress and her Gate very careless, yet her Beauty was conspicuous, and moving: She threw herself at the Queen's Feet; and with extremity of Grief in her Looks, *Madam*, (says she, with a great deal of Pain) *I come to implore your Majesty's Goodness for the Unfortunate Earl of Effex.* — *For the Earl of Effex, Madam*, answer'd the Queen? *How come you concern'd for him, who hath quitted you with so much Indifference after so many Promises of extraordinary Kindness? I expected you were rather come to join your Resentments with mine, and desire me to take*

*a full Revenge for the Injury done to
 your Beauty. No, Madam, answer'd
 the Countess, not the Transports of a
 forsaken Mistress have brought me now
 into your Majesty's Presence, but the
 tender Affection due from a virtuous
 Wife to a Husband she loves ; in beg-
 ging for the Earl of Essex, I beg for
 mine. This Confession may, perhaps,
 add to our Guilt ; but 'tis no dalling
 for those who are on the Brink of Des-
 truction. I acknowledge, Madam, that
 after a thousand Crosses, we had that
 tender Kindness one for the other,
 that we married privately, contrary
 to the Respect due to your Majesty.
 This, Madam this only, and his Fear
 of your Majesty's just Indignation, put
 the Earl of Essex upon seeking Revenge
 out of your Dominions : He thought
 it fit I should go out of them, but never
 harbour'd a Thought of conspiring a-
 gainst your Majesty. However, this
 hath ruin'd us, and if you protect not
 an unfortunate Person, whom you
 have so much honour'd, He is irre-
 coverably*

coverably lost: Consider, I beseech you, *Madam*, that few *Drops of Blood* at your *dispose*, and a poor *Life* you are *Mistress* of, are not a *Revenge* suitable to the *Grandeur* of a *Queen* ador'd for many *Virtues*, yet chiefly for your *Clemency*.

The *Queen* was so astonish'd at the Discourse, that the Countess had Liberty to end without interruption. But this was sad News to a Heart lately full of the *Delights* of a pleasing *Reconciliation*. What a Torrent of Anger overflow'd her Constancy: A Queen as she was, high spirited, haughty, and passionately in Love; to see herself thus inevitably betray'd, and to find it out at a time, when a blind Credulity had stifled all former Resentments: Yet she forced herself to Dissemble her Grief; and fixing a severe Look on the Countess of *Essex*: *The Life you Beg of me, says she, is not in my Power, The Peers are his Judges. Ah! Madam, cries the Countess, my Husband is lost, if you*

G 4

give

give him up to their Fury: Their Jealousy will do that which Justice cannot.
—Why should you Trouble your self if he be not guilty? said the Queen. Tho' I am well satisfy'd of his Innocence, Madam answers the Countess, yet your Cruel Ministers are not dispos'd to believe it. Let me then intreat you, Madam, if your Majesty will grant me no more, yet will be pleas'd to Allow me the Priviledge of being put into the same Prison with him. I am as Criminal as He, and perhaps more. I wish it in my Power to grant your Desires says the Queen, but common Policy forbids any Correspondence to be allow'd between so considerable Persons, in your Circumstances: You may, if you please, wait his Fate and your own, in a Chamber in this Palace. Ah! Madam, replies the beautiful Countess, consider the last Favour I beg of you is, that I may be put into Irons: Can you apprehend we shall attempt any thing against you in so deplorable an Estate:

This

This is the *Eve* of our greatest Disaster: That barbarous Justice, to which you absolutely commit the care of your *Vengeance*, will to *Morrow*, perhaps, part us for ever, deny us not, at least, the comfort of mixing our last *Tears*. What can you fear from a Grief without Power — *I fear being troubled with it, and I will be Obey'd*, answers the angry Q. and goes away into her Closet, while the *Countess of Essex* was carry'd to a Chamber, where she was left under Guard.

Never was Fury equal to the Queen's. The Madness she was in, to see herself deceiv'd, made her for some time forget all her *Tenderness*. Her Thoughts were wholly bent on *Revenge*, and giving up to the Severity of Justice, a guilty Person she had so passionately loved. *Death*, says she, *shall be the Reward of his Ingratitude, and I will make his Punishment an Example to the Universe.*

With these Thoughts she came to the Council. When she had declar'd herself, the Peers were named for Trying the Earls of *Essex* and *Southampton*. Arm'd as she was with Resolution to do it, she trembled at the doing, and could not forbear mixing some *amorous Sighs* with the *violent Expressions* her *anger* forc'd from her. She withdrew under a very great *Trouble*, and admitted no Visit for several Days.

'Tis hard to express what a pleasant Surprize it was to *Cecil*, to see the Queen angry, and declare herself against *Essex*, whom he thought she resolv'd to Pardon. He carry'd the News to the Countess of *Nottingham*, who was as Joyful at it, as a cruel Person could be on such an Occasion. Yet they could not think all sure, while the Earl of *Essex* was only Prisoner in his House, from whence his *Friends*, if minded to do it, might get him out. They concluded to take the Opportunity of the Queen's Anger

Anger, to obtain her *Order* for putting him into the *Tower of London*; which *Cecil*, under a Cloak of *Zeal* for her Majesty's Service, easily gain'd and readily executed. The Earl of *Effex* was so generally belov'd; and *Cecil*, fearing Commotions and Tumults if he should be carry'd through the City, order'd him to be sent to the Tower by Water, which was accordingly done.

The Earl of *Effex*, not able to guess at the Cause of a Success so unsuitable to the Promises of the Queen, prepar'd himself for the worst that might happen; and in few Days had Resolutions enough to bear his Misfortunes. The Queen was as full of *Trouble*, as *Cecil* and the Countess of *Nottingham* were of *Hopes* to see their common Enemy condemned in a few Day.

The Countess of *Effex* having no Comfort but her Tears, nor Company but her Fears, endeavour'd, from the Pity of her Guards, to have some
In-

Intelligence of her Husband's Condition. She was told, *His Judges were appointed, and that he was in the Tower*: Worse News she could not have. The *Q.* was irreconcilably angry, nor could she by Letter, convey with Safety to her Husband the Advice she thought fit for him. A Conference she thought better, and Money being a Charm seldom resisted, she did by some Presents of Value, prevail with her Guards to serve her to her Mind: Having fully possess'd 'em, she neither design'd her own Liberty, nor her Husband's, all she desir'd was a Minute private Discourse with him, which her Guards undertook, and brought happily about. The Guards at the Tower, gain'd by their Companions, easily introduc'd the Countess into her Husband's Chamber.

He knew nothing of the Passages at *White Hall*; but when he was told, *He was in a few Days to appear before his Judges*, he expected with a great deal of Resolution and Constancy,

fancy, the end of his Misfortunes ;
 comforting himself with the *Thoughts*
 of the *Countess* being retir'd into
Scotland, but seeing her so near a
 Danger he thought her so remote ;
 Ah Madam ! *says he, with his Eyes*
full of Tenderness, what came you to
 look for in these fatal Places ? And
 in whose Power was it to bring you
 hither ? — — My Grief and my
 Guards have brought me hither, —
Answers the Countess. What, Madam,
 crys the Earl, are you the *Queen's*
 Prisoner ? And does she know we
 are Married ? Yes, *reply'd the Coun-*
teſs mournfully, and is so angry that
 we are past hope : I was absenting
 my self from you, as you desir'd me,
 but the News of your Death stopt
 my Retreat, and it was not in my
 Power to betake myself into a Place
 of Safety, there to attend the Issue of
 your Troubles, if it were not in my
 Power to ease you of 'em. I thought
 it my Duty at least to share with you
 in 'em. This made me present my
 self

self to the Queen, and omit nothing
 that might move her Compassion, but
 she prov'd altogether inflexible. Ah
 Madam, *says the Earl, interrupting*
her, your Impatience has ruin'd us:
 Had you not appear'd, I had been at
 Liberty. By a *dexterous Justification,*
 I had regain'd her Confidence, and you
 shou'd have, in a few Days, seen me
 come in search of you in Scotland, but
 now there's no Hopes, the Queen will
 be reveng'd. What saith the Coun-
 tess, hath all I have done, tended
 to your Ruin? Make Use of your
 Advantages, I conjure you, The
 Queen still retains some tenderness
 for you. You may easily revive it.
 Oh! be not a Sacrifice to her Anger
 Invent any thing in Excuse of our
 Marriage. Disown it if you please.
 I will consent to any thing rather
 than have you condemn'd to Death.
 Let her Banish me into any Part of
 the World; I will go most willing-
 ly. And if it may conduce to your
 Safety, make Use of the Pledge she
 gave you.—

AB,

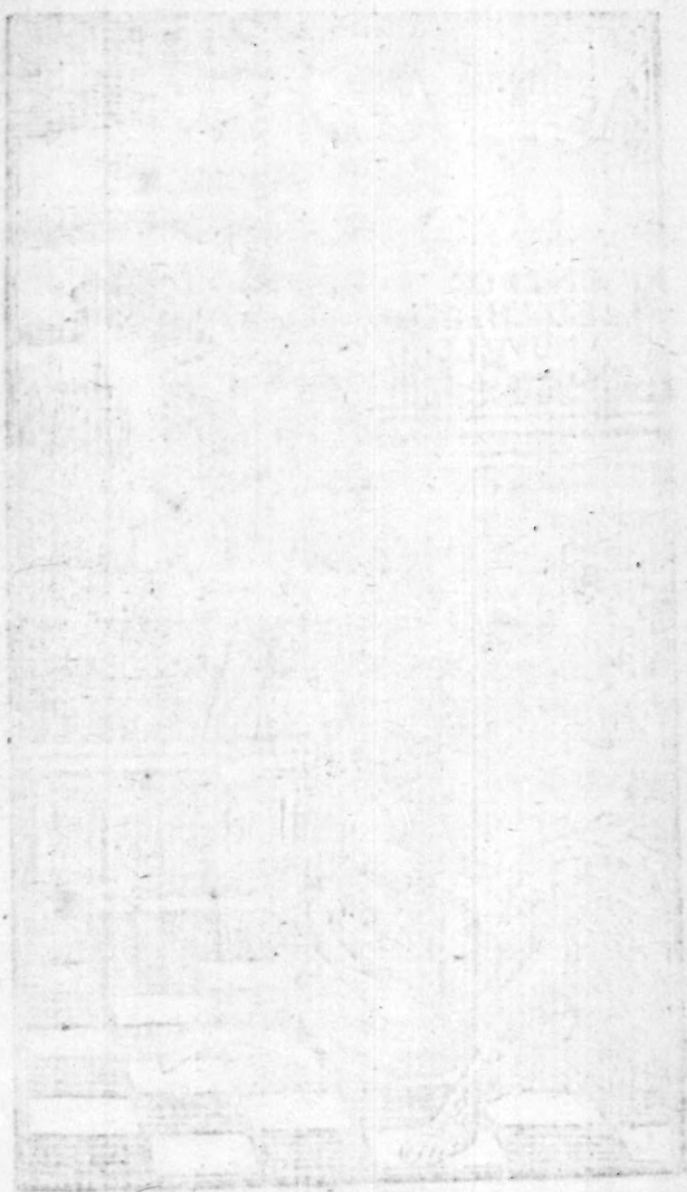
Ah, Madam ! *replies the Earl,*
 can you give such Advice to a Man
 who, you know, adores you ? Have
 you found by any of my Actions,
 that I love my Life more than I love
 you : No, I love my Life for nothing
 else, but to spend it with you, and I
 will part with it, with all my Heart,
 when I must be depriv'd of that Plea-
 sure. My Fears were only for you,
 and can you believe I shall have the
 least Satisfaction in the Queen's Fa-
 vour, when her Jealousy should make
 her Banish you ? Let it break out,
 let her ruin me, I will glory in my
 loving you, and telling it to her Face.
 I know the *precious Gift* she bestow'd
 on me, leaves me some Hopes, and
 I may make Use of it, but I'd do it
 with safety, and it may prevail for
 more than my Life. *I apprehend you*
says the Countess, you wou'd reserve
 all for me, and neglect your own
Safety, but you cannot incur a Dan-
 ger, wherein I have not a Share, and
 the Way to preserve my *Life,* is to
 secure *yours.* This

This Dispute had lasted longer, but the *Countess's* Guards minding her it was time to withdraw, She dispos'd herself to bid her Husband Farewel. Their Separation was Moving, and accompanied with a-bundance of *Tears*, to which a Multitude of tormenting Inquietudes succeeded, and usher'd in a Day, that instead of Diminishing, Heightned their Sorrows.

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The End of the First Part.

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10 JU 52

THE SECRET
HISTORY
OF THE
MOST RENOWN'D
Q. Elizabeth,
AND THE
E. of Essex.

The Second Part.

By a Person of Quality.

COLOGNE:

Printed for *Will with the Wisp*, at
the Sign of the *Moon in the*
Ecliptick.

HISTORY

MOST FAMOUS



The gift of the British Museum
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T H E

Earl of *E S S E X*:

O R, T H E

A M O U R S

O F

Queen *ELIZABETH*.

The Second Part.

THE Queen, though angry,
gave no Order for Com-
prehending the Countess
of *Essex* in her Husband's
Impeachment. The Morrow after
their Conference, the Peers met
in

in *Westminster-Hall*, the Earls of *Essex*, and *Southampton*, were brought before them by the *Constable* of the Tower. The particulars of the Tryal are set forth at large in the Histories of the Time. It shall suffice to insert here, That the Prisoners being Charg'd to have held Criminal Correspondences with the Kings of *Scotland* and *Spain*, and entered into Secret Alliances with *Tyrone*, and Traiterously laid and carried on a Plot against the Queen's Authority, made a vety stout and resolute Defence.

As Politick as *Cecil* was, he could not hide the Malignity of his Intentions, but it was Observ'd, he was not only a severe Judge, but a dangerous Enemy. The Heat and Animosity he discover'd against the E. of *Essex*, were answer'd by him with a slight Resolution, and undaunted Constancy. Yet, for all he could say in Justification of himself, he was condemn'd with the Formalities

ilities usual on such Occasions. Sentence was pronounc'd by the Lord High Steward, That the Earls of *Essex* and *Southampton* were Guilty of High Treason; and should be Beheaded. The Earl of *Essex* was not mov'd in the least, to hear himself nam'd, but appear'd heartily Sorry to find the Earl of *Southampton* under like Condemnation, and Conjur'd the Judges to examin with less Severity, the Conduct of a Person, whose only Crime was, the Love he had for him. But not able to prevail, he melted into Expressions of the greatest Tenderneſs in the World, for his Friend.

The Qu. being inform'd of the Condition of things, gave private Orders to delay Execution. She was of a High Spirit, and highly Provok'd, yet found it very difficult to raise her Anger to a Pitch equal to her Tenderneſs.

Cecil trembled to find the Execution of a Sentence deferr'd, which
he

he had with so much pleasure heard pronounc'd. The Countess of *Nottingham* was equally Allarm'd.

The Proofs were but Slight against the E. of *Southampton*, and the Queen sensible his long Friendship with the Earl of *Effex*, had chiefly engag'd him in the Matters in Charge, Pardon'd his Life at the Request of his Friends.

News was brought of it to the Earl of *Effex*, whose truly Brave and Generous Soul immediately broke forth into sincere Proetstations, *He should Dye now with Satisfaction and Content, since the Queen has owned by her Pardon, the Innocence of Southampton.*

While the Earl of *Effex*, expected with a resolute Constancy, the Catastrophe of his Tragedy, the Countess, his Wife, was inform'd at *White-Hall*, he was Executed, Till then she believ'd it uncertain; but this News surpriz'd her so terribly, she fill'd the whole Court with her Lamen-

Lamentations. The Queen heard them, but was not concern'd, as the rest were for them. *Let her Cry,* says She, to the Countess of Nottingham, *she must shed many more, to wipe out the Score of those Tears she hath cost me.*

The Countess of Nottingham was so far from endeavouring to pacify the Queen; that all her Care was to keep up her Anger. And because she was ignorant of many things she thought herself concern'd to know; she took Advantage of the Trouble the Countess of Essex was in, and made her frequent Visits; not to bemoan her Afflictions, but to find out something to render her more miserable. It must needs have been an unparalel'd Cruelty not to pity the handsomest Lady on Earth, appearing to our Eyes in a Condition more Deplorable than can be express'd. She fell every Minute, for very Weakness, into
D the

the Arms of the Women about her; and recover'd herself not only to lament the more pitifully, which affected all but the Countess of Nottingham, who saw all this with an Unconcernedness suitable to the Hardness of her Heart, *Ah, Madam,* says the Countess of Essex, as soon as she saw her, *Will you not use your Interest with the Queen, in favour of the Earl of Essex? You know my Lord of Southampton hath his Pardon,* replies she, *and the Queen, perhaps, will do as much for your Husband.* *Madam,* says the Countess of Essex, *it is not the Crimes charged on my Husband, jointly with the Earl of Southampton, nor those common to both, which makes the Queen inexorable. ———— You understand me, when I tell you, that there are certainly [some others] she far more deeply resents. And she hates the Earl of Essex rather the less for the Attempts attributed to his Ambition,*

tion, than his Ingagements with Me. But, Madam, Replies the Countess of Nottingham, willing to find out the Mystery of their Love, she was as yet Ignorant of, If you thought the Queen would oppose it, or be unsatisfied with it, why did you not quit a Business wherein you were to expect nothing but Crosses: If you were ever in Love, says the Countess of Essex, You know very well, we have not always our Wits about us, when we are deeply Ingag'd in Affection. However, Madam, when I Married my Lord of Essex. I did not know the Queen was so much Concern'd for him. Perhaps, Answers the Countess of Nottingham, I might do you some Service, were I thoroughly Acquainted with the particular Passages between my Lord of Essex and You. I am not in a very fit Disposition to Discourse You Madam says the Countess of Essex, But if I could by any Confidence, Prevail with you to do something in our Behalf, I would give you

an Account of all you Desire. I will not promise you I shall certainly prevail with the Queen — But, Madam, (adds the cunning Countess of Nottingham) I will use my Interest and perhaps, Effect more than we have reason to hope for.—Have a good Heart Madam, do not despair; The Queen is Good, and I will Zealously Serve you when I am Instructed what Course to take.

The Countess of Essex yielding to the Perswasions of her bitterest Enemy, dry'd up her Tears; and after a short pause, spoke to this purpose.

MY Mother died very Young leaving no Child but me. My Father's Offices obliging him to a constant attendance at Court, he committed the Care of my Infancy to a Sister of his that was settled about a Hundred Miles from London. He could not at that Distance see me so often as he would, so
that

that when I came to Fourteen Years of Age, he thought by disposing me in Marriage, to bring me nearer him.

The Earl of *Rutland* had but one Son, and the intimate Friendship between my Father and him, induc'd them to think of a stricter Alliance. Our Fortunes were equal ; and the Earl of *Rutland's* Son being return'd out of *Italy*, his Father acquainted him with his Design of Marrying him, His Affection was no way engag'd to the Contrary : And the Business was agreed on without my Knowledge, who was look'd upon as too Young to be Consulted with, in a Cause of that Nature. Yet, Madam, my Heart was sensible so early, and capable of Discerning between Person and Person ; and made it appear by experience, Obedience and Affection do not always agree.

The *Equipage* of the Young Gentleman was no sooner ready,

but he came where I was. Being not in Love, nor expecting much Pleasure in waiting on a Mistress he had never seen, and was represented to him as a Child, he Pray'd Three of his Friends, to Honour his Nuptial with their Presence. The Earl of *Essex*, was one of them. When they Arrived, my Looks were divided between several Men, all much of an Age, and alike unknown to me. I knew well enough the Earl of *Rutland's* Son was design'd my Husband; and I presently Wish'd he were the Man whom I afterwards knew to be the Earl of *Essex*; at the first sight of whom all my trouble for being Married so Young was presently over. He was the first that spoke to me, and lookt on me more earnestly than any of the others. This made me believe it was as I Wish'd. But I was sadly Undeceiv'd, when the Young Earl of *Rutland* was Presented to me. I Blush'd and Sigh'd, not knowing the

the Cause. The Earl of *Essex* did also the like ; his Eyes went still in Search of me, and I was not reserv'd enough to Avoid them. The Trouble I appear'd in was attributed to the Innocence of my Age ; and I quickly learnt to take Care to hide it.

Our Parents being Arriv'd, We were Married, without being ask'd by them, if we were Willing. The Earl of Rutland's Son Appear'd Pleas'd with his Fortune, and perhaps found me more Amiable than he expected. I, Madam, was so in Love with the Earl of *Essex*, all I could do, was not to Hate my Husband. Yet I had the good Luck my Kindness for my Lord of *Essex* was not so much as suspected.

'Twas believ'd, I was then sensible of no other Pleasures, but what Children Delight in ; but no Age is a Stranger to Love. I quickly knew what it was to have a Kindness ; and soon Complained the Liberty

berty of my Inclination had been usurp'd upon I had little joy in being so far Mistress of my self, as to wish I could love my Husband, and endeavour it, and to have an Indifference for the Earl of *Essex*, for all my Efforts to that purpose were vain.

The first Resolution I took, was to avoid the Sight of a Man, who could only contribute to make me more Unhappy. And when he had taken his leave, with the rest of my Lord of Rutland's Friends, I pray'd my Father to spare my Youth for some time, and not to expose me so early to the Court, where I never had been; My Desire was Granted, and when my Father return'd for *London*, to Satisfy me, they took me to *Rutland*.

But the Course I took, produc'd not the Effect I propos'd. The Idea of the Earl of *Essex* accompanied me in my Solitude. And my Father-in-Law being Dead, we were forc'd

forc'd to go to *London*, after a Year's stay in the Country.

I trembled to think I should see the E. of *Essex* again, and resolv'd with my self I would be the most retir'd Person on Earth, to avoid all Occasions of meeting him: When News was brought me, he was gone with the Earl of *Leicester* into the *Low Countries*, the *Queen* receiv'd me with that Kindness she usually expresses to those she intends to Honour. I admir'd her Merit, and the Pleasure to see my self respected by her, suspended a while my secret Inquietudes.

But within less than half a Year my Father died, soon after my Husband: I was much afflicted at these Losses: I bewailed my Father's Death a long time: And if I had not for my Husband that great Kindness, which is very seldom met with in Marriages of Obedience my Reason, and his Complaisance, had forc'd me to esteem

him, and to express Acknowledgements sincere enough, to save me the Trouble of any just Reproach from my self, or any other.

The Queen having told me, She desir'd to have me near her, I quit-
ted my House for an Apartment in
this Palace ; and my Fortune, which
was very considerable, gave me
such Charms, as drew about me a
Number of Suitors, who pretended
a mighty Kindness for me ; but were
really rather a Trouble than Pleasure
to me.

In this Condition was I, when the
Earl of *Essex* return'd to *London*.
The Queen's Army had been Vic-
torious, and she order'd a publick
Thanksgiving when the Generals ar-
riv'd. I waited on her to *St. Paul's*,
and had not the Power by any *Con-
sideration*, to be so reserv'd, as not to
single out from all the Nobility in
the Kingdom, the Earl of *Essex* a-
lone, to fix my Eyes on.

The

The Morrow he was one of the first to wait on the *Queen*. I was with her before ; and was mov'd at the Sight of him. We lookt on one another several Times with equal Concern. *Madam*, cry'd he, as soon as he could speak to me, *I have not had a Moment's Liberty to signify to you, how great a Share I bear in your Losses. I believe, answer'd I, You are sorry for my Misfortune. 'Tis Natural for every one to be concern'd for such a Person as you are, adds he, but, Madam, I am much more concern'd than any other.*

The *Queen* interrupted us, but in all the Respects the Earl of *Essex* paid Her, I could not but observe his Eye was toward me. I confess I was glad to see him so Eager, and perhaps I answer'd him a little too soon ; but I was young, tender, and independent. His Merits were then extraordinary, and he had the Advantage of my first Inclination.

He came the same Day to see me
in

in my Apartment, and fail'd not to do it constantly afterwards. All his Actions perswaded me at length that he lov'd me ; and it was not long e'er he let me know it.

Madam: said he one Evening, having brought me to my Chamber, after I had left the *Queen*. Do you remember the time we accompany'd the Earl of *Rutland* to your *Country House*? I have not forgot, *Sir*, answered I, that you were one of them that did him that Honour. Is that all you remember of it ; adds he, Did you observe nothing in *Eyes* worthy your Notice : And was it possible you should inspire into me so much Love, without feeling the Power of it your self? The *Friendship* I had for the E. of *Rutland*, and the Progress he had made, prevented my speaking of it. Yet Time and Absence have but increas'd my Passion, and I protest sincerely, from the first Moment I saw you my Heart was never affected with any but your self.

A Discourse of this Nature may perhaps, be thought unsuitable to the Condition I was then in ; who Mourned for a Father and a Husband, yet I had not the Power to be offended with it : The Earl of *Essex* assur'd me, I had gain'd his Affection, I was willing to gain his, and I car'd for no more.

You will give me leave, *Madam*, to pass over my Answers, and tell you only, the Earl of *Essex* was very well satisfied with them, that we then settled the Correspondence we have so long maintain'd ; and that we found Occasions and Opportunities to Polish and Perfect it.

Thus far you see me Ignorant of the *Queen's* Inclinations : I, as well as others, attribute the Favour we saw the Earl of *Essex* was in, to his Services, and his Dexterity in setting them out to Advantage. But in time I perceiv'd my Mistake ; and, as reserv'd as the *Queen* was, found
out

out the Myſtery, and tremble at the
Discovery.

The Earl of *Effex* had an elevated
Soul, and capable of greatness. Ambition might Rob me of him, and I
was willing to fortify my ſelf againſt
all Miſfortunes, and to reſerve only
an Eſteem for him. But what Hopes
of doing that now, which all my
Reason, and two Years Marriage
had not effected?

At laſt, Jealouſy ſucceed my
Fears; and I began to believe, the
Reſpect the Earl of *Effex* had for
the Queen, might proceed from a
ſecret Affection. I fretted at this,
and griev'd at the Heart. The *Earl*
perceiv'd it, and ſolicited me long
to tell him the Cauſe. I refus'd as
long as I was able. *I am Jealous,*
ſaid I to him at laſt, with a little
Heat, *and afraid I ſhould loſe your*
Affection. 'Tis not an Unhappineſs,
ſaid he, *to ſee you love me ſo, as to*
doubt of me: But there is no Cauſe
to queſtion my faithfulneſs, who never
Lov'd

Lov'd any but you. The Qu. Loves
 you, cry'd I, and her Kindness for
 you, with the advantage of her gran-
 deur, may be dangerous Temptations
 to your Perseverance. The Qu. Love
 me, Madam! Replies he, How you
 Interpret Her Accustomed andordi-
 nary Bounty, which hath perhaps, too
 Generousty recompenced my Services
 beyond their Merits? She is too
 Haughty, and too great a Mistress of
 herself, to fall into such a Weakness.
 You know what Illustrious Alliances
 She hath slighted; and are to believe
 she's above the Reach of Love. There
 is not a Monarch upon the Earth,
 but I would prefer you before him,
 cry'd I, and Measuring the Queen's
 Affection by mine, I am easily Perswa-
 ded, she may do so too, her Eye is al-
 ways upon you, mangre all her precau-
 tions and is never else satisfied, and I
 have observ'd some Sighs from her
 which a Heart concern'd as mine can-
 not bear without Trouble. I did not till
 now know how happy I was, says the E.
 of

of *Essex*, but your Jealousy makes me Sensible of it. Yet, Madam, give me leave to assure you, you have no Cause of it. Were the Qu. Weak, as you imagine; did she offer me her Crown and her Kindness, I would by my Refusal, let you see, tho' I have Ambition, my Love for you infinitely exceeds it. To satisfy you of your mistake, allow me to procure her Consent to our Marriage. You have Mourned sufficiently to avoid all Imputations of Indecency. It is in your Power to make me the happiest of Men, and to clear the Doubts you have of my Faithfulness.

I was far from opposing the Proposal he made, and I was not fully convinc'd the *Queen* was in Love with him; yet, I thought if she was he knew it not.

To let you see, adds he, I will not Conceal from you, any Kindness the Queen hath express'd for me, I declare I sacrifice to you one of the Handsomest Ladies of the Court who hath a thousand Ways invited my Love.

I prest him to let me know her Nan, but he Conjur'd me to be Satisfied with what he had said ; and not to force him to any further Indiscretion, I gave over pressing him.

[“ The Countess of *Nottingham*
 “ Blush'd at this part of the Dis-
 “ course, having Reason to believe
 “ her self the Person intended. She
 “ Hated him the more for it ; but
 “ had the Command of herself,
 “ not to Interrupt the Countess
 “ of *Essex*, who proceeded in her
 “ Story.]

This Freedom of the Earl put an end to my Suspicions. I left him to take his Time for speaking, to the Queen ; When he went to Thank her for the Government of *Ireland* bestow'd on him, he returned to me with a Transport of Joy, to tell me, ‘ The Queen had not only
 ‘ Consented to his Desires, but inten-
 ‘ ed to make the Earl of *Leicester*
 King

King of England. This quieted my Spirit, and made me acknowledge, I had no Cause to be Jealous.

We spent some Days with a great deal of Pleasure ; but were Cruelly interrupted by the Order the Earl of *Essex* received to go into *France*, to Command the Forces the Queen sent in Aid of that King. I had not time to express my Grief to him, or to be a Witness of his : We parted in Haste ; and then it was I repented I'd Believe him : and that the Queen's Coldness towards me Convinc'd me of the Truth of my former Suspicion ; and that her sending away the Earl of *Essex*, was but to remove him from me.

I left the Court as soon as I could with Decency ask the Q^y. Leave, to Retire into a House of my Father's, about fifty Miles from *London*—— I will not tell you how I was Allarm'd at the News of the Earl of *Essex's* Death, in his Return,

turn from *Spain*, nor how we Writ
to one another, in his Absence. I
was ready to Dye for Grief, when
he arriv'd at my House more Re-
spectful, and more Amorous than
he had ever appear'd.

He would have put me out of my
Opinion concerning the Q^u. but I
severly maintain'd it True ; and,
when I had Convinc'd him of it, he
offer'd to leave England, if I would
Name a Place, where we might
Live quietly. I had then Affection
enough to incline me to Consent to
this Proposal ; but Considering it
Unjust in me to spoil the Progress
of his Good Fortune, and put a
Period to his Hopes, by an unex-
cusable Retreat, I told him it was
Impossible : And ushering with a
Sigh the Advice I was going to
give him, ' Forget me Sir, *said* I,
' for I see your Fate will force you
' to it. The Queen will still cross
' us, and never want Pretence to
' separate us : 'Tis better breaking
off

‘ off an Engagement, that suits not
 ‘ with your Affair. Nothing in the
 ‘ World can be a greater Misfortune
 ‘ to me, but I will submit to it, if it
 ‘ be for your Good. You suspect me
 ‘ of Indifference (*said he interrupting*
 ‘ *me*) and you have the Cruelty to
 ‘ advise me to it. Did you Love
 ‘ me more, you would know me bet-
 ‘ ter : And, were I capable of doing
 ‘ an unjust thing, I believe you would
 ‘ exhort me to forgive you, for no
 ‘ other Cause, but that you might
 ‘ think of me no more. But, Madam,
 ‘ to shorten our Discourse, and our
 ‘ Doubts which almost makes me
 ‘ Mad, Believe it, I Love you above
 ‘ all things in the World, there is a
 ‘ sure and easy way to satisfy you
 ‘ of it ; You are not willing to go
 ‘ with me out of England, and yet
 ‘ you are still afraid of the Queen.
 ‘ Let us Marry privately, and Con-
 ‘ ceal it till we see a more favoura-
 ‘ ble time, this will Frustrate the Queen
 ‘ Design to our Prejudice, you will

no longer Doubt of my Affection,
 and if the Business be discover'd
 'tis but flying out of the Reach of
 the Resentments we fear.

I was strangely mov'd at this Discourse, every thing then oblig'd me to believe him. Yet considering it would reflect upon my Reputation to be privately Married, I was afraid to consent. The Earl complain'd of me; I cry'd: Love was our Arbitrator, and decided the Controversy in his Favour. After long Resistance, I agreed to a private Marriage, on Condition the Earl would go for *London* on the Morrow, and appear disengag'd to the Queen from all the Kindness he had for me. We agreed to be Married at the Earl of *Southampton's*, his particular Friend, where I was to stay, while he went for *London*. Thus we parted. He took *London* Road, I went for *Southampton*, attended by *Tracy*, and a Domestick of the Earl of *Essex's*,
 in

in whom he repos'd an entire Confidence.

As the Earl was on the Road, he had Leisure to consider what Measures to take. My Ld. *Southampton* came to receive me at his House; where the E. of *Essex* arriv'd soon after he had obtain'd Leave from the Queen to absent himself for a few Days.

We are now come to the Instant that usher'd in our Crosses. We were married in the Presence of my Ld. *Southampton*, *Tracy*, and some Women of mine, and a Kinsman of the Earl of *Essex*. He gave me an Account how the Queen had receiv'd him, and began to confess, he believ'd she lov'd him.

He staid but six Days at *Southampton*, in which time we agreed what Course to take.

I was too far from *London* to see the Earl often, without discovering our Correspondence. And nothing seem'd more proper to conceal

ceal it than a House he had within few Miles of *London*, on the *Thames-side* : It stood alone, and was strong enough to prevent a Surprize. Having settled my Affairs, I was conducted thither by my *Ld. Southampton* and *Tracy*, while the *Earl of Essex* return'd for *London*.

Nothing could be more pleasant than the Solitude I was in. My Lord of *Essex* came to see me every Day : And I spent there two Years without a Moment's Trouble. At last, an Accident happen'd that miserably perplex'd us.

The *E. of Essex* had abundance of Enemies who malign'd him ; and for all his Caution, they observed his extraordinary Assiduity for the House I was in. They told the Queen of it. She was disturb'd at it, more perhaps, for the Suspicion she had of some private Gallantry of his there, than for those Matters they would have possess'd her with.

I gave her no Trouble: The Earl's Disengagement with my pretended Journey into *France*, had secur'd her as to me. Yet she was resolv'd to go see whether the Earl frequented the House only for the Pleasure of Place, or some hidden Cause.

One Day, as the Earl was with her, she gave Orders, her ordinary Retinue should be ready to wait on her, ' I have long had a Mind to see
' your Country-House, *says she to the*
' *Earl*, I have had a very pleasant
' Description of it: The Weather
' is fair, and I believe a Walk so
' far may do me Good.

You may imagine the Fears this put the Earl in: He durst not openly oppose her Design, but endeavour'd to divert her, by saying, ' His House
' deserv'd not the Pains she would
' take in going so far.

When he saw her resolv'd upon it, he beg'd Leave to go before, to put things in order for her Reception.

tion. No, [says she] *you shall be my Guide : There's no need of Preparation.*

The Earl at these Words trembled for me. He was depriv'd of all means of Precaution, and the Concern he appear'd in, made the Queen more Curious.

Imagine what a Trouble he was in by the Way, and how often he wish'd something might hinder their Arrival. But Fortune favour'd the Queen's Designs so far; that they came safe to the House, and she would presently go and see the Lodgings. The Earl astonish'd, gave her his Hand. The Chamber I us'd, was the best of the House, and the first the Queen staid at: The Earl seeing no Remedy, steps to the Door, which he found open, contrary to Custom, and was pleasingly surpriz'd, to find only Tracy there, sleeping, or rather pretending to sleep, on a Couch. He was quickly awak'd, and having express'd his Surprise, and Respect, immediately withdrew. E The

The Earl of *Essex*, who thought him at *London*, began to take Heart, fancying his good *Genius* had reveal'd the Adventure to *Tracy*. — But a new Trouble arose, my Picture hung in the same Room, under a Curtain. The Queen ask'd, *If it was not the Earl's?* He answer'd, with some Trouble, *It was not.* The Queen drew the Curtain, and saw herself Drawn at length, where the Earl thought my Picture would appear. Then it was he was perswaded the Faithful *Tracy* had an Intimation of the Journey.

The Queen express'd much Joy to see her Picture in the Earl's Chamber.

From the House she went into to the Garden, took a short *Repast*, during which, *Tracy* found the Opportunity to whisper the Earl, *He need not trouble himself.* — and return'd to *London* without the least Suspicion.

Thus Matters pass'd on their Sides. As to ours, the very Instant the Queen told the Earl of *Essex*, *she would see his*

his House, the Earl of Southampton was at her Chamber-Door. You are come in good Time, to go with the Queen to the Earl of Essex's, says the Officer who was going to provide the Equipage.

The Earl of Southampton by these few Words, quickly discover'd the Storm that threatned his Friend : And to provide a Remedy : I am not very well, said he to the Officer, perhaps the Queen may command me to wait on her, I will not go into her Presence. Pray let her not know you have seen me. The Officer promis'd she should not, and Southampton hasten'd to the Earl of Essex's, to tell Tracy, who immediately took the best Horse his Master had, and rode so fast, that he was with me before the Queen left London.

I was not a little tronbled at the News. Tracy hid me and my Women, in a Quarter, where was no likelihood of our being discover'd, and then chang'd the Queen's Picture for mine.

That Evening the Earl of *Essex's* came to see me, and gave me an Account of the *Tortures* he had that Day endur'd for me ; and how *Southampton* and *Tracy* deliver'd him out of them.

The *Irish* rebell'd, I lay in at that time. The Earl of *Essex*, who lov'd me no less than his Glory, had within himself desperate Conflicts. His Duty prevail'd : He desir'd he might command the Army, the Queen granted it, and the same time declar'd her Affection for him, which I was before but too well assur'd of. She gave him abundance of very kind Expressions, and (to confirm the Truth of them) a *Ring*, which still leaves the poor Earl of *Essex* some Hopes.

He was sufficiently prepared to manage the Queen : And you see, by this time, Madam, whether he was not under a necessity of some Dissimulation.

He gave me a faithful Account of
all

all that pass'd between 'em, and being fearful for me in his absence, he resolv'd to remove me, and to go himself out of England, if Matters were discover'd.

This put him in Search of some Places of Refuge. The King of *Scots* promis'd him among others, the Palace of *Dimburg*. The Earl of *Tyrone* made him many Proposals, but certain it is, he never hearken'd to any of them.

I was weak when he left me, and oblig'd to recover a little Strength, before I would undertake a Voyage for *Scotland*.

I was on my way, Fortune stay'd me, the Earl of *Essex*'s was Charg'd with several Matters, and the Queen prepossess'd by our Enemies, took our innocent Precautions for Crimes.

At last, Madam, the Earl was forc'd to come and shut himself up in the place where I was, and was resolv'd to perish in defence of me.

You know what follow'd, Consi-

der the Frights I was in, amidst so much Trouble and Blood I saw every Day spilt.

The Earl conjur'd me incessantly to quit a place where he could not make any long Defence, in Opposition to so many Forces, as were imploy'd to take it.

I exhorted him to yield, and implore the Queen's Goodness. He Protested, *He would never do it, till I was in a place of Safety.*

Thus was I forc'd to leave him, and go for *Dimbourgh*. The faithful *Tracy* who should have conducted me thither, had perish'd already in maintaining the Interest of his Master.

The Earl of *Essex* committed me to the Charge of one of his Kinsmen, they forc'd me out of his Arms, to put me on board a Boat that waited for us on the *Thames*, and was to carry us to the place where our Convoy attended us.

My Fears, and my Grief put me into a Fever. This staid me some Days, at
a

a little Village, where I had News of the Earl's Imprisonment, and the Queen's Resolution to ruin him:

The Extremity of my Despair put me on the Resolution of Presenting my self to the Queen. and endeavouring to obtain some Favour by an ingenious Confession, but Madam, you know, I found in her no Disposition to Pardon us.

My Conduct hath produc'd a terrible effect, And I may justly reproach my self, to have been the Cause of all my Lord of *Essex's* Misfortunes.

This Discourse ended in Tears. The *Countess of Nottingham* took small care to stop them: She was too much concern'd in more than one part of the Story, which heightened her Fury: And leaving the *Countess of Essex* to the Horror of Despair, she returned to the Queen, whom she found almost drown'd in Tears. She us'd all her Art to revive the Queen's Anger, and by her cruel Address, effected her Design, without saying a word directly against the Criminal.

Cecil and she, were Tormented to see the *Execution* delay'd.

What shall we do, Madam, says he to her, if the Queen, in the very height of her Anger, will not give way that Justice be done. What are we to expect when her Anger is over? What are we not to fear from her Love if it once get the Mastery of a Heart as hers is? 'Tis no where so Imperious, no where so absolute, and I very much doubt whether all our Caution can prevent the ill effects of it. In a word, condemn'd as the E. of Essex is, by an august Assembly, 'tis possible he may recover his former Favour with the Queen, and utterly ruin us, as soon as he sets footing at Court. I shall stir myself a little ere that comes to pass (says the Countess of Nottingham) I have the Queen's Ear: — And I know how to speak, I am not suspected, nor am I a stranger to the secrets of the one or the other: Yet we are not to flatter ourselves, the Earl of Essex is Master of his Fortune, if he Petition, the Queen
will

will not have Power to deny him. —
 he hath a Pledge, which gives him an
 absolute Power over Her: But, Thanks
 to his Pride he will not make use of it,
 besides, whom can he employ in an Affair
 of this Nature, but we can easily cor-
 rupt. I will not leave the Queen, and I'll
 pawn my Life, I'll secure all with her.
 Do your part, and let's not be surpriz'd.

Cecil knew the Countess of Not-
 tingham too well to doubt of what
 she said, he parted better satisfied,
 and thought of nothing but what
 flatter'd their common Hatred a-
 gainst Essex.

The Queen had a very ill Night,
 tormented equally with Sicknefs and
 Trouble. She consider'd the Unfaith-
 fulness of the Earl of Essex, his Plot-
 ting against her Authority, his pri-
 vate Marriage, his giving himself
 wholly up to the Pleasures of it,
 while he pretended to be entirely at
 her Devotion, and his Pride in the
 Depth of his Misfortunes.

She thought sometimes these Reflections strong enough to enable her to see him Dye. But presently the pleasant *Idea* of him she wou'd destroy, his *Merit*, his *Services*, and the *Natural Inclination* she had for him, inspir'd her again with more gentle Resolution. She thought it better to see him a Criminal, than never see him more. The *Thoughts* of his *Execution* put her almost besides herself, tho' it was in her Power to prevent it.

The Countess of Nottingham was as wakeful as the Queen, tho' for very different Reasons, and waiting on her in the Morning as usual, *You find me in a lamentable Condition*, says the Queen, *and if you help not to comfort me, I shall not be able to endure it much longer. The Wretch who causeth me all this Trouble, is always before my Eyes, in the most pitiful Condition imaginable. Is it possible I should do nothing for him in such an Extremity? Shall I permit him to perish, as if I do not value him more than another, when*

I have declar'd to him, I lov'd him?
 Shall I reproach my self one Day with
 Cruelty, to have forsaken him when it
 was in my Power to save him? What
 your Majesty shall be pleas'd to do in
 his Favour, replies the Countess of Not-
 tingham, will be the more Generous,
 for that he hath not solicited it, if he
 petition'd, your Bounty would be look'd
 upon as an Effect of your Pity, and
 his Submission: But now it will pro-
 ceed purely from your Goodness.

These Words effected partly what
 she aim'd at. The Queen blush'd,
 and was silent a while.

It must be confess'd (proceeds she)
 That to do all for him, without putting
 him to the cost of one Sign of Repen-
 tance, is to approve of his Pride, and
 incourage him to carry it on to the
 highest Extremities. He would have
 my Kindness do all; and without any
 Reflection on the Outrages he hath done
 me, he believes I shall think my self too
 happy in holding the Executioner's
 Hand. Never doubt, Madam, (says the
 Countess)

Countess) but he makes account to triumph still over that Goodness your Majesty hath always made appear towards him. Had he been carried from Westminster to the Scaffold, had you given him a Sight of that scene of Death; and Pardon'd Southampton, without Respiteing the other's Execution, he had been glad to make use of any Means in his Power to move you to Mercy. But he knows the Power he had over You; and pretends, that by receiving a Pardon. He vouchsafes not to Petition for, all the World will believe him innocent. But Madam, if Matters be carried on thus; What will be thought of the Justice of the Kingdom, what will the World judge of your Majesty? There is not a Person ignorant of this Adventure; and if the Earl of Essex, without acknowledging his Crimes, sees himself at Liberty, will it not be said, That England is Govern'd by a Queen not so discreet as Fame reports her to be?

At this *Cecil* arriv'd and fortify'd extremely the Countess of *Nottingham's* Party, he seconded her with all the Art of a cruel Eloquence to perswade the Queen *she was concern'd in Honour the Earl of Essex should die.*

The Queen in a Pet, consented he should be *Executed* suddenly ; and *Cecil* lost no time, in carrying Her Orders to those who were to be Actors in the *Excution*:

The Earl of *Essex*, as the Countess of *Nottingham* had shrewdly guess'd, had no Thoughts of Petitioning for a Favour, which, in all probability, the Queen's Kindness would of it self freely grant him. But when he saw himself on the point of being carry'd to the Place of *Execution*, he thought it his Duty not to neglect the Medicines he had in his power, to bring about the Queen. Then he resolv'd to implore her Mercy, and put her in mind of her Promises and Oaths. And knowing the Countess of *Nottingham* was her Favourite and Con-
fident

fident, though he had Cause to believe, she had no great Kindness for him, he was perswaded she might have Generosity enough to serve him in this important Mediation.

He sent to desire the Favour of a Visit from her. The Countess impatient to know the Cause, went directly to him, without acquainting the Queen.

Who but a *Barbarian*, could have seen the Earl of *Essex's* Person, and at the same time know his Misfortune, without being melted into Compassion? Yet the Countess of *Nottingham*, at the sight of him, was all Cruelty and Revenge, but, feigning some sweetness, she gave him a way to declare himself thus,

Can you Madam, pardon the most unfortunate of Men, the Trouble he gives you, at a time when he hath no Cause to flatter himself you have any remains of Kindness for him, yet nothing can be now of a greater Advantage to me, than your Protection. I know the Power you have

have over the Q. and would you be pleas'd to joyn it to my Sorrow and Repentance for having offended her, I doubt not but we may prevail much. Tell her then Madam, continues he, putting his knee to the Ground, That you have seen me in this suppliant Posture, full of Grief for having deserv'd her Hatred. Restore her this Ring which I have kept, and intreat her to Remember the Promises she made when she gave it me. I beg my Life by this Pledge, and she cannot deny it me, without forgetting her Oaths. I can no longer look on Life as a thing pleasant to me; but a miserable Wife, and the Interest of a Son, press me to continue it as long as I can. I cannot think the Innocence of the one, nor the Infancy of the other, needs my Justification. The Favour to be begg'd of the Queen, is for me alone.

The Countess of Nottingham was transported with Joy to see the Earl trust her with the Ring, which had so many times Allarm'd her, and whose Power Cecil was still afraid of.

She

She frankly Promis'd what she had not the least Intent to do for the E. of *Essex*, added feign'd tears to her false Promises, and assur'd him she would directly go use her utmost Interest with the Queen in his Favour.

But instead of going to the Queen to give her an Account of her Visit, she went to *Cecil*, who waited for her; prais'd her Cruelty, and had the pleasure to see in his Power, the sole Obstacle against *Essex's* Death. They went together to the Queen, who asking, How *Essex* receiv'd her last Orders.

He was never observ'd so haughty, *Madam*, answers *Cecil*, he cannot prevail with himself to shew the least sign of Repentance. He thinks of nothing but his Wife, and She is the whole Subject of his Discourse to those who go to him. Let him die then, let him Perish, (says the Queen, very angry) since he will have it so. Let me be eas'd of the tormenting Uncertainties and Disquiets I am
under

under. — I am no longer against his Execution.

This zealous Minister was unwilling to leave the Queen the least Time of Reflection. And while the E. of *Essex* was in Expectation of the Effect of the Promises of the unfaithful Countess of *Nattingham*, Provision was made for his Execution in the Tower, to avoid a Rebellion among the People, who lov'd him.

His Soul was naturally great, and discover'd not the least Weakness in the last Extremity.

Never did Man go to his Death with more Constancy and Firmness, he did not murmur in the least, against the Queen, tho' he might have reproach'd her with Promises. He mounted the Scaffold resolutely, undress'd himself, recommended his Family to tho'se about him, and having drawn Tears from all Eyes that were Spectators of that last Act of his Life, he receiv'd his Death, without so much as giving leave his Eyes should be cover'd. Thus

Thus dy'd this famous Favourite of Queen *Elizabeth*, one of the best qualined Men in the World, and a Man who had been too happy, had not *Love* had too great a Power over him.

Soon after the Queen had consented he should be Executed, she relaps'd into her former Irresolutions, and, after a sharp Conflict within her self, she resolv'd to pardon him, and sent an Officer of her Guards to forbid their proceeding further, but it was too late, *Cecil* had foreseen what might happen, and cruelly provided against the Effects of her Relapse into former Kindness. The E. of *Essex* was already executed, and that was the Answer he carry'd the Queen.

Then it was the lost her ordinary Moderation; then her Grief broke out publickly.

Cecil, says she, *What Mischief has your barbarous Zeal and Impatience done me!*

With

With that she burst out into Tears,
and would not indure the Caresses
or Comforts of any about her.

While the Queen abhorr'd herself
for the Orders her Anger had given
Cecil, who had so faithfully caus'd
them to be executed, enjoy'd the
Pleasure of having procur'd them:
And, the Countess of *Nottingham*
triumph'd in herself, for the revenge
She had taken of One who had all
along slighted her Charms.

'Tis impossible to express the Grief
of the Countess of *Essex*, the most
stony Hearts had Tears for her. The
Q. whose Anger was dead with the
Earl, sent to comfort her, and assure
her, she was at her Liberty, and might
dispose of her Husband's Estate.

*Let her take my Life, and keep her
Pity to herself, says the mourning
Countess to the Queen's Messenger,
She hath robb'd me of all that made
my Life dear unto me: and 'tis not in
her Power to repair the Mischief she
hath done me.*

The

The Earl of *Effex*'s his Friends finding her at present incapable of Comfort, even from them whom she esteem'd highly, for their Love to the Earl, took her from *London*, in Hopes that Time might make her Susceptible of that Consolation, which the Violence of her present Sorrows render'd altogether vain.

As for the Queen, she languish'd out the Rest of her Life : The only Comfort she had, was to think the Earl of *Effex* had slighted her to his Death, and never made her any Submission.

The Countess of *Nottingham* had but small Joy of her Faithless Life. A violent Malady seized her, and made her sensible of the Horrors of Death : Remorse of Conscience tormented her, the Ghost of the late Earl of *Effex*, whose Death her Cruelty occasion'd, seem'd to Haunt her incessantly. And being at the point of Death, she could not depart, without acknowledging her Crime

to the Queen. Having begg'd one Moment's Audience, she Confest all that had pass'd between the Earl of *Essex* and her, the Love she had for him, the Implacable Hatred that succeeded it, and her Perfidiousness in keeping the *Ring* he had trusted her with. With that she presented the *Ring* to the Queen, who was ready to dye at the receiving it, and was within very little of making the Dying Countess feel the Violence of her Resentment.

Wretch! cries she, with Looks full of Indignation, *what Remorse hast thou expos'd me to, Whether Heaven will pardon thy Crimes, I know not; sure I am, I shall never forget them.*

Having thus said, the Queen went out, and the Countess in few Hours Dyed.

This prov'd a Mortal Blow to the Queen's Health; who not long after dyed Uncomforted for the Earl of *Essex*.

Cecil

(114)

Cecil had Lov'd the Countess of *Nottingham* too well to be so easily Comforted for hers.

By the Death of Queen *Elizabeth*, the Crown of *England* pass'd into the Illustrious Houle of the *Stuarts*, whose Right it was. And King *James*, after a Glorious Reign, left it to his Posterity, for the repose of his Kingdom.

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